A DESCRIPTION OF THE Roman Catholick CHURCH;

WHEREIN
The Pretensions of it's **Head**,
The Manners of His **Court**,
The **Principles**, and **Doctrines**,
The **Worship** and **Service**,
The Religious **Orders** and **Houses**,
The **Designs** and **Practises** of that **Church**, are Represented in

A Vision.

By IOHN BARCLAY *Minister at* Cruden,
Written in the Year 1679,

Printed in the Year 1689.

To The Right Honourable

My Very Noble LORD

John EARLE OF **ERROLL**

LORD HAY and SLAINS &c.

Great Constable of SCOTLAND,

AND

His Truly Noble and Religious LADIE

Anna COUNTESS OF *ERROLL*

May it please Your HONOURS,

Know it is usuall in addresses of this nature, to those who court favour to themselves, or applause to their Books, to make the utmost stretches, in complementing those Persons of Quality whose patronage they claim, and to spend themselves in copious panegyricks fetched from all the Topicks

picks

picks of flattery, ſo far as they are capable to improve them: But I have the happineſs of being freed from this trouble, you being ſuch as neither need, nor deſire to be careſſed in that manner; And I may juſtly call this an happineſs to me, ſince my naturall temper removes me to the greateſt diſtance from the confines of that ſervile vice. I can not indeed withold my ſelf from acknowledging, that I owe you all the expreſſions of Gratitude which I can never be able to pay; and when I tell the world, that as you have honours entailed upon you from a long Series of Illuſtrious Anceſtors, ſo you are like to tranſmit them unblemiſhed to your Poſterity, to whoſe honours it will be an addition, to have it remembered that they are yours; and that for your Noble Qualities and Vertues, you are juſtly eſteemed and beloved of all who have the honour of your acquaintance, I am aſſured that I doe not tranſgreſs the Rules of the ſevereſt modeſtie, their is only one thing which I muſt utter to your commendation, becauſe it ought not to be concealed, namely, your being faithfull to God and Conſcience, in adhereing to the true Proteſtant Religion, in a time when many have made defection, and you have been aſſaulted with ſuch tentations, as nothing but a brave Reſolution, and a mighty grace could have enabled you to conquer: And tho you have been happily united, both in the conflict and Victory; yet let it not be offenſive that I relate what part each of you have acted therein, and of this I ſhall ſay nothing but with the aſſurance of a Witneſs, and with the Ingenuity becoming a man of my Profeſſion.

Thoſe who underſtood your Inclinations, knew, that you could have been well pleaſed, that the Romiſh Miſſionaries

nuries would have saved themselves the trouble of the Visits they made you, And it was the opinion of some who were sollicitous for your safety, that you should have rid your selves of them, by denying them access; but as the sweetness of your tempers, doth (as it were by an inevitable force) carry you to deport your selves with an obliging civility to all persons, so for other weighty considerations, you did not relish that advice.

Upon you (MY LORD) they did begin to make some direct attempts, to seduce you from your Holy profession; but *Your Lo:* took a wise and compendious method to avoid their snares, by giving them to understand, that your mind was fully satisfied of the truth of your Religion, and that you had something else to doe, then entangle your self in perplexing debates with them knowing no good fruit that was to be reaped thereby: This resolute answer, made them perceive, it was in vain to insist any further that way; but they hoped, by fetching a compass a little about, to gain more ground.

It hath been an old craft of seducers (considering what interest *Ladies* have in the affection of their Husbands, and what power with their Children) to make their utmost essayes to proselite them to their Errours, not doubting, but if they succeed, they shall quickly have the whole familie at their Devotion: And therefore *You MADAM* was the prize on which they set their eyes; But *Your Lo:* did forsee the danger, and provided to encounter it. These Champions of the *Romish Religion*, who were to make their addresses to you, were given out to be men of vaste learning and admirable parts (for that is one of the arts of Papists, as they boast that their Church is infallible, so they would

have the world believe, that their Clergie are an invincible sort of men, that they may fright those whom they besiege upon the first summonds to make a surrender) you therefore applied your self to a diligent use of all means, for your establishment in the Truth, you Prayed, and Read, and conferred, and pondered deeply the matters of Religion, and thought, all you could doe in these wayes, no more then was needfull in so weightie an affair. Heaven hath endued you with a great stock of excellent gifts, a composed and comprehensive mind, a clearness and solidity of Iudgment, a deep reach, and readiness of expression, and these being joyned with singleness and sincerity of heart, are such ramparts, and defences against seduction that they make the Soul almost impregnable: And that good God, who is never wanting to the assistance of his faithfull Servants, did furnish you with such light, and Grace, that your Faith hath remained unshaken. Those who designed to seduce you, soon percieved, that they had not to doe with a person of an ordinary capacity: Their usuall common places of arguments, they found you could easily answer; and your prejudices against their Religion though you proposed them only by way of Querries, and with the modestie of a Learner, were yet so framed, that it was evident to them, you had so penetrated into the controversies of Religion, that they thought it a sort of Victory to get of, without being at some visible disadvantages, and I hardly knew any of them who having once made an essay, were fond of a second encounter.

The Remembrance of the particular passages of your behaviour, is still very gratefull to me, and the relating of them would sure be very pleasing to others, but your modestie and humility is such, that I may not adventure to

publish

publish them: Onely give me leave to say concerning you both, that if either craftie insinuations, or the charmes of friendship, or worldly considerations, or long importunities, or any thing that could be projected by the wit and subtility of Seducers, could have corrupted or byassed your minds, none of these methods were left unessayed: And when all these efforts proved unsuccessfull, and all Topicks were exhausted; yet that they might be ever like themselves; they had the impudence to write, and spread reports to distant places in this Kingdom, that you were their Converts, or just at the turning point: Whether this was done out of spite, or to be an Argument, to prevail with others of a sequacious humour to imitate such noble Precedents I cannot determine; but this I know that Hell it self could invent nothing more false.

The Gracious God hath in part rewarded your integrity, and constancy, and I hope will doe it yet more: Your faith is strengthned by these winds of temptation, you have the joyes of a good Conscience, you are hereby endeared to all serious and Godly persons, and providence hath of late interposed to bring some secular affairs of great concernment to your Noble Familie to a comfortable and desired period, and that at a nick of time, when it could scarce have been expected, and a few days longer delay might have quite ruined them. I hope you will in all this observe the loving kindness of the Lord, and ever remember your engagements to Iesus Christ who hath interceeded for you, that your faith might not fail.

I have little to say concerning this *Poem* which I offer unto you, I confess it is a mean present, yet you know its offered from an affectionat mind: After I had write the first

copie of it, I put it immediatly in your hands, and you were pleas'd to commend it, severall copies of it are since spread, of which some are very incorrect, to doe my self justice I have at length resolved to publish it: It cannot much serve the ends of my reputation, and so I may hope that it cannot be imputed to vanitie. My publishing it under your shaddow, can only signifie that which I am well enough pleased the World should know, namely, that you have a great goodness for me, when I can presume that you will favourably accept of such a trifle: Gratitude obligeth me to make you richer offerings, but I have them not to make; my Prayers to God for you, are the best compensations I can give for your favours to me, and these are, and daily shall be offered up unto Heaven, for the prosperitie of your Souls, the increass of your grace and the florishing of your Noble Family by

RIGHT HONORABLE,

(YOUR HONOURS)

Most Affectionat,
Most Oblidged
and Humble Servant
IOHN BARCLAY.

To

To the Reader.

I *Can not perſwade my ſelf that any have juſt reaſon to be offended with me, or to clamour, that it is a thing unſuitable to a man of my Profeſſion to expoſe a Religion ſo Zealouſly mantained and propagated by ſo many great and learned men, in ſuch a dreſs as this: All that I ſhall ſay for my own vindication is, that I am none of thoſe that ſport my ſelf with the ſins and miſeries of Mankind, and I ever abhorred thoſe jeſts which idle and profane wits doe break upon ſerious matters, that are not to be jeſted with: Nevertheleſs, when a Partie of men have under the venerable name of the* Holy Catholick Church *ſo groſsly abuſed the World, impoſing on the belief of their credulous Diſciples, ſo many* Reverend Abſurdities, *and perſpicuous falſhoods, and recommending to their practiſe, ſuch ſuperſtitious trifles, and ridiculous fopperies, unbeſeeming the gravity of the Chriſtian Religion, to give a juſt repreſentation of them in this manner, is a thing that may have it's own uſefulneſs, eſpecially ſince it may be preſumed, that many will read a* Poem, *who will not ſet their eyes on a more ſerious Book. I have only therefore a few things whereof to advertiſe thee concerning it.*

Namely. That I have in a few paſſages of it taken a libertie to my ſelf, in a Poeticall manner to intermix ſome of my own fancies, yet not without deſigne. As, when I produce an argument for the Cælibate of the Clergie, *which I know they never made uſe of, but let it be remembred that this is* a Dream, *and tho it were not, yet ſince they make ſuch other inferences*

from

from that Text as I have there mentioned, I ſuppoſe they might draw this Concluſion from it, as well as the reſt, and for any thing I know, it is an Argument againſt the marriage of Church men of as great force, as any that they have heretofore hit upon.

But in truth my aim is to ſhow what ridiculous interpretations of Scripture theſe pretended infallible expounders of it, doe often make. He who will prove the Popes ſupremacie *from* Geneſ. 1. 1. *Becauſe it is there ſaid* In principio, *and not in* Principiis (*as* Pope Boniface *doth*) *or his Precedencie to the Emperour from* Geneſ. 1. 16 *Where it is ſaid,* that GOD made two great lights, (*as* Pope Innocent 3) *or his Civill and Eccleſiaſtick power, from* Ecce duo *gladii: or the neceſsity of the Celibate of the Clergie. From* Rom. 8. 8. (*as* Pope Stricius) *I think may prove* Quidlibet ex Quolibet. *I have mentioned a* Relique *which they pretend not to have; but in that I mean only to ſhow in whole manner theſe litle wondrous things are uſually alledged to be found.*

All the Sins *which I ſay they call* Veniall, *are by their* Caſuiſts *put in that rank: and that they account it much more Criminall, to neglect the obſervation of the Traditions of the Church, then to break the Commandements of GOD, is ſo well known, that it needs no prooff.*

I have ſpoken at length of their Religious Houſes and Orders, *they being the only things they boaſt of that have any ſhew of Sanctitie, and to evidence that I meant nothing but fair dealing, I have not equally inveighed againſt all perſons among them.*

The words of their Myſtick Divinitie *that I have mentioned, are to be found every one of them in their own books, with a great many more which I could not get brought into verſe. The* hodde *talkings which they have of the* Supereſſentiall Life,

The

The State of Totalitie, **The Union of Nothing with Nothing**, The Dei-forme Fund of the Soul *&c. I could no more make Rhyme, then they can make Reaſon of them.*

When I reflect on the rude diſorders of ſome who betake themſelves to the **Religious Houſes**, *I doe not ſlander them, the Epiſtle of* **Huldericus Biſhop of Auguſta**, *to* **Pope Nicolas**, *wherein he tells of ſix thouſand heads of Infants found in one Mote, gives ſufficient ground for the reproach.*

I wrote this Poem *in the Year* 1679. *When theſe Nations were allarmed with the noyſe of the* **Popiſh plot**. *And I thought to have enlarged more on that Subject, but ere I finiſhed it, that began to be a ſuſpect buſineſs, and it was come to that which an ingeniouſly expreſſeth thus.*

That Shams with Shams, and Plots with Plots were croſs't,
And the true Plot, among the falſe was loſt.

If any expect that I ſhould make an Apologie for publiſhing it, the Common-Heads of excuſe in theſe caſes are well enough known, and I may pretend to have an equall right to them with other Men.

If their be any thing in it, that may be offenſive to the ſevereſt modeſtie, I ſhall be readie (upon conviction) to acknowledge my faultineſs therein; but for my little extravagancies, that may be found here, I hope thy cenſure will be gentle, for if any ſort of men have reaſon to expect ſome charitable allowance for eſcapes, it can hardly be denyed to A Dreaming Poet.

Farewell.

THE

THE ROMAN CATHOLICK CHURCH

Deſcribed in a *VISION*.

I Find I'm haunted with a buſie mind,
Swift as the Clouds, unſtable as the wind,
It ſometimes gets it Wings, and ſoars aloft,
Anon it ſteeps into delights more ſoft,
It's ſometimes ſerious, and it's ſometimes vain,
Sometimes it's thoughts do pleaſe, and ſometimes pain;
On while they'r dark, and then they clear again;
Sometimes they'r cheerfull, ſometimes they are ſad;
They'r ſometimes good, and often they are bad;
Sometimes, my ſelf, my ſelf's their only Theam,
Sometimes, they graſp at more then *Ceſar's* claim:
They bring forth Ioy, they nowriſh Fear,
They Towers into the Air do rear,
All things do ſeem within their Sphear:
O what a wandring thing's the Mind!
What Contrares are there combin'd?
How ſhal't be held, or where confin'd?

O what a Web's a buſie Thought!
Where is it made? whence is it brought?
How is it warpt, how is it wrought?

Whilſt thus my Mind was in this roving plight,
I did it chide, for it's uncertain flight,
I ſtrove to ſettle it with all my might:
At length we did ſome compoſition make,
And it began ſome reſt to take,
To be more plyant for good manners ſake:
I firmly with my ſelf did then conclude,
I would repair unto ſome ſolitude,
Beneath a pleaſant Tree my Lodge I made,
Became the Tennant of it's cooling Shade,
Here (ſaid I) I my ſelf will ſhroud,
From ſcoarching Beams, from dropping Cloud,
Here ſhall I reſt; and ſhall be free
From this Earth's noiſe, which ſeems to me
A blunt, a dull, ill-acted Comedie:
It's Pleaſures I'll not priſe,
It's Honours I'll deſpiſe,
And all it's Wealth, as Droſs I will diſdain,
My Mind Religious Thoughts ſhall intertain.

RELIGION (thought I) is the way to Reſt,
RELIGION is the choiſe that's ſurely beſt,
It raiſeth no Commotions to infeſt,
It ſtills the noiſe of Paſſions and of Rage,
And turbulent Affections doth aſſwage
It cooleth Youth, it's Comforts warm Old-Age:
But lo again my Thoughts did range,
This lovely thing it's Shape did ſeem to change,
In many Formes it did to me appear,
And many various Garbs I ſaw it wear,
I ſaw it fight in Fields, and making Warres,
I heard it ſcold in Schools, and raiſing Jarres:

A thouſand different Parties cry'd, ſo here
Thou'l't find the thing, ſhould be to thee moſt dear;
Whom ſhall I hear? where ſhall I go?
What ſhall I chuſe? what ſhall I do?
I'm puzled, and amazed too,
I love RELIGION, and I would her ſerve,
But while I ſeek Her, fear from Her to ſwerve.

While I am in this Labirinth involv'd,
The more I por'd, the leſs my Doubts were ſolv'd,
And to make yet more ſerious ſearch reſolv'd:
Sleep, (that great lovely thief, which often robs
Mine Eyes of vexing Sights, mine Heart of Sobs,
Which from my Books doth ſtealt away mine Eie,
And often from my Prayers ſtealeth me)
Came gliding on, and did me quite o'r ſhade,
With a thick Cloud of miſty Vapours made:
Mine Eyes were ſhut, mine Ears were ſtopt,
My Hands were ty'd, my Senſes lockt,
The Houſe was ſilent, Gates were blockt:
And now WILD FANCIE did begin her Game,
And playes her ſelf, with things I cannot name,
Things ſo many, and ſo ſtrange,
Things that Shape and Colour change,
Things which without Order range;
Yet ſtill me thought RELIGION I did view
And did Her with ſome amorous thoughts perſue,
'Mongſt all that Croud, I knew Her lovely hue.

She did Her ſelf ſhift from among the Crowd,
I ſaw Her go, cry'd after Her aloud,
I call'd to Her, For Love and Pitty ſtay,
Beſought Her that She would not ſay me Nay;
But Wind, bore Her and my loſt words away:
And when ſhe's gone, I found into Her room
A throng of wild, unruly things did come,

Roving

Roving Fancies, Horrid Sights,
Diſmall Places, Uncouth Wights
Which put me in a wondrous plight
I'll tell what I can mind, and it's no Crime,
Of incoherent things to ſpeak, in incoherent Rhyme.

I ſaw A CITY, very Great and Fair,
With which, ſcarce any other might compare,
Whoſe proud Walls, did all Batteries defy,
Whoſe prouder Towers, ſeem'd to affront the Sky;
To him I firſt did meet *What* CITY'S *this*, ſaid I?
A Queſtion indeed ſaid he! *For this*
No ſingle CITY, *but the whole World is.*

I ſaw A MAN, *in more than Kingly State*,
And thouſands, did his dread Command await,
Yet did his griſly Face, his panting Breath,
His failing Limbs, bewray th'approach of Death:
But ſoon I found, that he was vile and proud,
He raiſ'd his Eyes, and ſpake odd Words aloud
Of Bulls, and Brieves, and Canons, and Croisades
And whiſpered ſome Tales of Whores and Baudes,
And Stories, which imported nothing leſs
Than that He was grow'n old in Wickedneſs:
I ask't, *What wretch* was that who paſſed by?
And preſently they made a dreadfull Cry,
And ſaid, I did blaſpheme,
And ſpoke prophanly of an Heavenly Name,
Since Divine Honours were his rightfull Claim.

I ſaw ſome YOUTHS, for I could gueſs
No other, by their beardleſs Face,
I heard them talk what I thought hardly Sence,
Yet talk; with an unbluſhing confidence:
What Striplings (ſaid I) do yonder walk?
What new, unheard of Stories do they talk?

They

They call'd me mad, and ſaid, they were,
All REVEREND FATHERS I ſaw there,
And that the things they gravely told,
Were Myſteries, delivered of old,
Which the Apoſtles left them to unfold.

A PACK of IDEOTS next I ſaw,
For ſo I thought them, but I ſtood in awe
To call them ſo, till I did ſee
Them at their *Childiſh playes* to be,
Some were dandling painted babies,
Some numbring BEEDS, and telling GADIES,
Some mumbling GIBBERISH and ſuch uncouth laid,
As no where elſe did I e're hear or read,
Alace what do theſe poor Fools? did I ſay,
Vile man (ſaid they) they worſhip and they pray,
See what Devotion their looks do bewray.

To them ſome HELL-HOUNDS did ſucceed,
Their eyes were ſunk, their hands were red,
Their words were dreadfull, threats were loud,
Their looks were grim, they breathed blood,
I ſaw them bring forth from dark Shopes,
Wheels and Racks, and Cords, and Ropes,
They gathered fewell, kindled fire,
And faſtned ſtakes, I did enquire
What all theſe dreadfull things did mean?
More dreadfull then mine eyes had ever ſeen:
They told me, theſe were perſons, whoſe great zeall
Did alwayes levell to the Churches weall,
And that theſe *Tools*, whoſe ſight did ſhake mine heart,
Were inſtruments, by which they did convert
Men to the Faith: So they and I did part.

Sure (ſaid I) I'm in ſome enchanted land,
Of all I ſee, I nothing underſtand,

What ſhall I think! O that ſome Angell would
Theſe hidden wondrous things to me unfold,
For it's a work above all humane reach
Mine eyes to open, or my mind to teach.

While thus I'm wondring, and am bath'd in tears,
A Gentle voice arrived to mine Ears,
From whence I know not; but the words were theſe,
Young man, thy wonder, and thy weeping ceaſe,
What thou ſhalt ſee, ſhall ſerve well to explain
What thou haſt ſeen: A little while again
It ſilent was; At length did only ſay,
Take Heed, Take Heed, ſee that thou watch and pray,
I heard no more, it vaniſhed away.

I quite confounded lay, my mind was vex't
With thoughts confuſ'd, and with dark fears perplext;
When lo, I wildly roll mine eyes, and ſee
That which a little calm'd and cheered me,
A LADIE, walking with a comely grace,
All beauties ſeem'd combined in her face,
She courteouſly approached to the place,
Where I did now my ſelf repoſe,
Which when I ſaw I humbly aroſe.

I am perſwaded, that in man muſt be
An untaught skill of PHYSIOGNOMIE;
For when I at a diſtance did behold
This ſumptuous DAME, attyr'd in Pearles and Gold,
I thought, ſuch beauty was unſeen before,
And that mine eyes ſhould ſee the like no more,
I would have nam'd all things in Heaven and Earth,
All that is pryz'd by Fancie, Wit, or Dearth,
To ſee if any thing I could compare
Unto a Creature, whom I thought ſo fair;

But

But as I did Her more distinctly view,
I thought my self deceiv'd; sure (said I) now
Their's no such substance here, as there is shew,
I know not what displeas'd me; but I wot
Something was in her face I liked not.

Yet wisely I concealed my distaste,
And seem'd, mine Eyes upon her Eyes to feast,
At length I said GREAT LADY, pardon me
If I so rude, or so uncivill be
As to enquire your Name and Qualitie.

She courteously and modestly reply'd,
In this demand thou shalt not be deny'd,
I all mens good and happiness intend,
To this, my thoughts, to this my aims I bend;
If thou be wise, and hearken unto me,
Thou seem's perplext; but thou may'st happy be.

Her words did charme me so, that I began
To chide my self, and say, Untoward man,
This is an ANGELL; what ill GENIUS brought
A disesteem of Her into thy thought?
I work my woe, shee's fond to have me blest,
I toile for Cares, she comes to give me rest,
She loves me; I distaste her in my mind,
How bold our passions are, and yet how blind!

These were the secreet workings of my breast,
My longings now to hear Her, were increast,
And she went on
And thus she spoke, in an alluring tone:
I am THE HOLY CATHOLICK-CHURCH (said she,)
The porch of Heaven; none go there but from me:
And now I come to be *A Guide* to thee:

I ſaw thee lately caſt thine Amorous eyes
Upon RELIGION, and I heard thy Cryes,
She ſeem'd to leave thee, and would make no ſtay,
Went out of ſight, thou knoweſt not what way,
I know her path, to Her I will thee lead,
I liſtened well to all that ſhe had ſaid,
I Bow'd mine Head, and low obeyſance made,
Bleſs'd now (ſaid I) the day that I was born,
No longer will mine heart be rack't and torn,
With doubts and Scruples, and with anxious cares,
With ſinking fears, and languiſhing deſpaires.

Mine Eyes again I lift unto her face,
To fix them ever in that lovely place,
I rub'd mine Eyes, I thought they were diſeas'd,
The more I look't, the more I was diſpleas'd:
I thought Her ſometimes too Gay, to be Good,
Her Brow Imperious, and Her Looks too Proud,
Her Colour oftner chang'd, then I can tell,
Her Breath (I judg'd) had an invenom'd ſmell:
Theſe things did ſomewhat cool my confidence,
And brought me in a very great ſuſpence,
It is not good to be too Raſh (ſaid I)
It's Good before I truſt too much, to try.

She was ſagacious, and ſoon found me out,
Uncertain Breath, and Looks bewray'd my doubt,
What means this Coldneſs (ſaid ſhe)? Youth? mine hand
She graſp't, and ask't, what meant I thus to ſtand?
Did I not to thee joyfull tydings bring?
Is happineſs to thee ſo ſmall a thing?
Juſt now thou ſeem'd inflamed with deſire
To learn the way to Bliſs, who quench't that fire?
Thy ſails were hoyſed, and thou ſeemed clear,
Unto RELIGION as thy port to ſteer,

I who esteem thy happiness my gain,
To be thy Pilot, I did not disdain.

I'm for the Voyage (said I) But it is fit
To know my Pilots skill, for fear I split,
For in RELIGION there are many Cheats,
No fewer then their are in Courts and States,
Each painted HARLOT, calls her self the *Spouse*,
And with the name of CHURCH, doth Men amuse,
And therefore I again would hear your Name
And by what Right, you to that Honour Claim:

My Warrines She seemed to applaud,
And said, I might suspect from others Fraud;
But that HER WORD, might be sufficient,
To clear my mind, to clear her just intent,
For others do acknowledge they may Erre;
But I my self *Infallible* averre,
And that thou may the more assured be,
I am the ROMAN CATHOLICK CHURCH, (said She)
That is my Name: (said I) their's on Word more
Now in your Name, then I did hear before,
And that same Word, (which makes me yet more Shy)
Doth seem a Contradiction to imply:
Roman and *Catholick*, how can that consist?
In diff'rent Categories they themselves do list.

She froun'd, and then disdainfully She smil'd,
And said *Poor Man*, how far art thou beguil'd,
Thy throat's too narrow, and thy Wit's too shallow,
If thou one Contradiction can not swallow,
That's but a Gnat; go with me silly fool,
And I again will set thee to the School:
Once learn but to believe, I cannot Err,
A thousand Contradictions then Infer,
These trifles, will thee never more Deter.

My Pleas are great, for all I doe pretend,
Mine Arguments are Infinite, without end,
Without beginning; then She ſtretch't Her voice,
And made into mine Ears a dreadfull noyſe,
What (ſaid She) knowes thou not mine *Unity*,
My SANCTITIE my great ANTIQUITY
My MULTITUDE, My VISIBILITY,
My MIRACLES, SUCCESSION, yea my Name
Of CATHOLICK, doth juſtifie my Claim,
And therefore, now will I
I'll make the World, and thee to hear, I'll Cry
I'll thunder my INFALLIBILITY
But leſt my words doe not affect thine Heart,
That I more knowledge may to thee impart,
Make no delay; but quickly follow me,
And thou ſhal't be inſtructed by thine Eie,
Thou'lt ſee RELIGION in her Glorious dreſs,
And by that ſight, thy Love will much increaſe.

I'll lead thee firſt unto my Glorious HEAD,
In whom what Glorie dwells, cannot be ſaid,
Thou'lt ſee, Thou'lt wonder, thou ſhal't hear his words,
They'l charm thine Ears, they'l pierce thine heart as ſwords,
They are all Oracles. *O my Glorious* HEAD!
I found She ſtill inclined to proceed
Into his praiſe: And therefore I
Who had enough of curioſity,
To ſee Gay ſights, did paſſionatly cry
O Lead me, I will follow inſtantly.
We ſpoke no more, but in a little ſpace,
She bid me look to that reſplendent place,
Lo that's the Palace, unto which we go,
It's Name She told me was SAINT ANGELO.

Thither we came, and quickly entrance got,

MY

MY GUIDE was there well known, tho I was not,
To Her they Bow'd, to Her all homage pay'd,
And to the Palace we were ſtreight convey'd:
I looked with a curious Strangers Eie,
Obſerving all things which I there did ſee,
The rooms, were ſtately which I did behold,
All pav'd with Marble, and all fiel'd with Gold,
Which Struck with rayes, reflected ſuch a light,
As did at once pleaſe and confound my ſight:
But that wherewith mine eyes I longeſt fed,
Was pictures wherewith they were garniſhed,
And theſe were draw'n and were coloured ſo,
I doubted if they were alive or no.

Here was a judge, who on his bench did ſit,
A mightie throng of men encompaſs'd it,
I ſaw them gape, perceiv'd they cry'd aloud
Away with him, and on us be his Blood;
I ſaw the man 'gainſt whom they were ſo bent,
His looks, beſpoke him wholly innocent;
They told me that was IESUS, whom I ſpy'd,
And theſe were Jewes who thus againſt him cry'd,
I well took heed to all,
And thought, I'm now in *Pilates Iudgement-Hall*:

The manner of Chriſts death, I ſaw ſo plain,
How he was mock't, how men did him diſdain,
How he was ſtrip't, and ſcourg'd, and crown'd with thorn,
How he came forth, and how his Croſs was born,
How he was pierc'd, and how he bow'd his head,
That to my ſelf with confidence I ſaid,
Or here's the place in which my Lord was ſlain
Or elſe I'm ſure he's murthered here again.

I was the more confirmed in this thought,

When to another little room I'm brought,
They shew'd me there, the tree that once him bo...
The Nails, and Spear, which did his Body gore,
And all the cruell instruments of death,
By these (said they) he was betrav'd of Breath:
I made no doubt, when I saw all intire,
But that the Executioner was also here.

MY GUIDE bids me go on, at length, did bring
Me, to her so much celebrated *King*,
He smil'd on Her, and though he knew not me,
All's welcome whom ye bring with you said he.
She told him that I was a Stranger, whom
She had desir'd along with her to come,
And to be bless'd by seeing of his face,
And by his words to be inspir'd with grace,
Knowing, my doubts should be dispell'd that hour,
That I shoud be informed of his power;
He bids me then draw neer,
And thank the Heavens, and her who brought me here,
And as an introduction to my bliss,
He stretched out his foot to me to kiss.

To say the truth when I observ'd his face,
I thought it boaded very little grace,
His eyes were loftie, sparkling, full of wrath,
Upon his brow (me thought) sat rage and death,
For he was very wrinkled, very pale,
His hands did tremble, and his limbs did fail.

I saw A TRIPLE CROWN upon his Head,
With some Inscriptions, which I long'd to read:
Which that I might the better understand,
I did presume to draw some nearer hand:
What see I now?

It's

It's *Holineſs*, that blurred word I trow,
It's *Blaſphemie* fair written on the brow,
It's written here, SERVUS SERVORUM,
It's written there DOMINUS DOMINORUM,
And 'twixt each word was written MYSTERIE,
And Reaſon for't; for ſo was all to me.

Some while, I nothing did but look't, and gaz'd,
The more I look't, the more I was amaz'd;
He did interpret this my deep ſuſpence,
To be the fruit of profound Reverence:
Some words at length he did begin to mutter,
But for ſome ſpace, no ſentence might he utter,
So Violent a cough did him aſſaill,
As ſtop't his ſpeech, and made his breath to faill,
Which when it ceaſ'd, he made no longer ſtay,
But raiſ'd his head, and Eyes, and thus did ſay.

I'm He, that makes my dreadfull Curſes fly
Throughout the Earth, and penetrat the Sky,
Through Walls of ſtone theſe furious bullets may
Without controull force their impetuous way:
When I proclaim a Jubilee, all ſin
Is quite diſcharg'd, and wealth to me comes in:
I can diſpence with all the Lawes Divine,
Cauſe ſons 'gainſt Parents fearleſly combine,
I ſay, and many ſwear that all the world is mine:
When I in Pomp do go,
Poor Kings, as pageants do attend the ſhow:
When I decree, ſoon does a buſie ſwarm
Of *Black*, *White*, *Gray-Friars* take allarme,
Men of all Colours, who can open breaſts,
And creep into the moſt retired reſts,
They cry, *Thus hath our* HOLY FATHER *ſaid*,
Who trembleth not? who doth not bow the Head?

Who doeth not profoundeſt homage pay?
Who dare once doubt the truth of what I ſay?

Garments of richeſt crimpſon I do wear,
And Crownes of pureſt beaten gold I bear:
Heaven and Hells gates, it's vaults, and Cells all be
Shut or made open, as it pleaſeth me:
None, dare be ſo preſumptuous or bold
'Mongſt Mortalls, to repine, or to withhold
From me their Conſcience or their Gold:
If to infernall flames I thouſands lead,
What doeſt thou? ſhould by no man be ſaid:
If Vertues, Sins, or Sins, I Vertues call,
My words ſhould firmly be believ'd by all

I can make Saints, I can make Kings,
I can make Him who made all things,
I can give others power to make him,
And give to thee the priviledge to take him:
Blood I can make of Wine, and Fleſh of Bread,
When I have but a very few words ſaid,
I ſqueeze the living, to relieve the dead.

I Hallow all things with my words
I Hallow Helmets, Hallow Swords,
I Hallow Trees, I Hallow Stones,
I Hallow dry and rotten Bones;
I Hallow Meddalls, Hallow Oyle,
I Hallow Water, Hallow Soyle,
I Hallow Salt I Hallow Cells,
I Hallow Kirks, I Hallow Bells,
So ſtrong and mighty are my ſpells,
That I with very little adoe
Could Hallow Brothell-Houſes too.

Commit thy ſelf to me, then do not fear,
No Oath ſhall ty thee, thou may'ſt freely ſwear,

And

'And freely break, this shall be thy defence,
How oft thou swears, so oft I can *Dispence*;
Be thou once mine, and from that happie time
Thou needst not stand in dread of any crime,
The greatest sins thy blis shall not prejudge,
For my INDULGENCE shall be thy Refuge:
But as thou wouldst avoid my heavy Curse,
Come never to me with an empty purse.

I long'd to hear him speak, but longed sore
To hear him make an end, and speak no more:
At length, he fell a Coughing once again,
And only spoke these broken words with pain;
Shrew on this Phlegme, that dare assault my throat,
And stop my sacred breath, for did it not,
I've more to say, and thou should hear a shoure,
Of mighty words, to shew my mighty power.

I stood a while, Heart, Hand, and all was gone
I fear'd me transubstantiat to a stone,
My tender Stomach turn'd to see him spit,
My tender Conscience was fright out of wit;
I found my self in an unusuall stirre,
At last I modestly did say, *Great Sir*,
If Greater Titles I do not bestow
On you, I hope your Clemencie you'l show,
For that's the Greatest Title, that I know
Due unto men below:
Fellow (said he) thou should have called me
A GOD ON EARTH, for no less will I be,
I Am CHRIST'S VICAR, and who dare say less
To me, then, *May it please your Holiness*?
I as a wretched Heretick should thee use;
But Ignorance shall thee this once excuse:
I would I were away (thought I)
I fear hee'l force to Blaspheme, or dy.

I spoke no more, untill he gave command,
And bids me boldly propose my demand;
For now I'm in my SACRED CHAIR, (said he,)
All's *Oracles*, that now does flow from me:
The thing (said I) which I would gladly know,
Is, who did this great power on you bestow?
Some will deny't, and some perhaps will flout it,
And how shall I convince one, who doth doubt it?

I do not (said He) things uncertain boast,
I have convinced many to their cost
Of my great power; But would thou know it's spring,
I from SAINT PETER, He from *Christ* did bring
This Priviledge, and did thou never read
That Christ bid him, *His Sheep, his Lambs go feed*?
Is not this in the Bible? Ah said I,
Upon that Book I dare not set mine eye,
Lest it pervert me into Heresy.
It's true (said He) it's dangerous for thee;
But yet thou sees, this Text doth speak for me,
Hear, *I'll expound it now Infalliblie.*
By SHEEP and LAMBS, all Men are understood,
Kings, Subjects, Church-men, Lay-men, Bad, and Good:
To Feed them, Is a word, will comprehend,
As much as thou can think, or I intend:
First it imports, that I must *Rule* them all,
And they must Trust me, and obey my call,
They'r not right Sheep, if they once think they'r free
To question mine INFALLIBILITY;
If Emperours, or Kings shall disobey,
These *Rams-Horns*, then its just that I should fray:
Then, all their Fleeces do to me belong,
And though my Sheirs goe neer, I do no wrong;
Yea I may some not only Fleece, but Flay,
And what's not fit to live, may justly Slay.

Such as I please I Wedders may create,
This warrants well the Clergies Celibate;
And to conclude; for thou shalt not be vex't
With all that may be said from this on Text,
If any do deny the power I claim,
I may send out my Dogs to worry them.

When thus he had me taught, he did expect
That I should thank him with profound respect;
And so I did: For gravely I did seem
To have each word he spake in great esteem:
I told him I was rap't in Admiration,
(I had no will to call it Veneration)
Of all I saw and heard, and well I wot
I spake even as I thought, I lyed not:
For *wondrous* was the preaching I did hear,
Th'Inscriptions *wondrous* which his Crownes did bear,
The Garb was *wondrous* which I saw him wear,
And *wondrous* were his Boasts, and *wondrous* was his Chair:
I well remember, of THE CHAIR I said
That of the Tree of Knowledge it was made,
It's Back, and Boughs, did such learn'd notions give,
It's Seat and Stoops were so Demonstrative:
He smil'd at this, and nothing more did say,
I humbly took my leave, and went away.

MY GUIDE perceiv'd, I did not well digest
The scalding dishes of this sumptuous feast,
She told me, that She well in mind did bear
The words, I uttered of the SACRED CHAIR;
And what I spake of the forbidden Tree,
Assur'd her that the fruit displeased me:
Yet ceas'd she not, HER HEAD still to commend,
And bid me mind, how he did condescend
To teach poor me; She praif'd his Majestie,
And much applauded his Humility,

And said, I should be with much knowledge fraught,
If I remembred well what he had taught.

I promised that I should all retain,
And then I said, this GREAT KING I have seen,
But yet I would see more, their's much report,
That to his COURT, all Nations doe resort,
If there be great, Good, Wise men any where,
I am assured that they must be there;
And I am fond to see such Glorious sights,
May now mine eyes be blest't with those great lights;
She much applauded this my good designe,
And promised, she would me thither bring,
I was well pleas'd to find her so benigne,
Ready to humour me in every thing.

She brought me to a GLORIOUS COURT indeed,
In all things corresponding to it's HEAD,
Each Man was more then princely whom I saw,
And every object there, mine eyes did draw,
To all I crieng'd, of all I stood in awe:
Some had most sharp and piercing looks,
Some, Tongues more eloquent then Books,
I never saw, unto that day,
So many in such gorgeous array,
I madly said, O that it might be ay
My Lot into this Paradise to stay.

Thus brain-sick was I, thus my thoughts did roam,
And I had much adoe to force them home,
I could not think, but men in such a state
Must surely be as good as they are great,
Or that unto the Best, Wise Providence
Should all that's goodly in the Earth dispense.

It's easie, when a man's in solitude,
To slight the gaudy World, to conclude

That

That all it's pomps, and Riches, are but lies,
An heap of gilded worthleſs vanities
And to contemn the flatt'ring breath of fame,
The fooliſh whiſtlings of an honoured name,
And hate that wild ambition, which with force
Doth ride, and ſpur us, like unruly horſe,
And theſe imperious luſts, which often cauſe
Men break all bonds, and trample on all Lawes;
But things, we at a diſtance can deſpiſe,
When they approach us, doe bewitch our eyes,
And charme our hearts, ſo ſtrong's the ſnare,
So weak our minds, ſo faint our care,
So ſoon our reſolutions doe impair,
That were intangled, e're we be aware.

The ſcattered beams of my power reaſons light,
At length united, and did Shyne more bright;
E're I my ſelf ſhould with theſe men imbark,
I did reſolve their manners well to mark:
Each of them did RELIGION much commend,
And in *Her* ſervice vow'd their lives to ſpend,
They ſaid *She* taught them on ſuch wealth to ſeiſe,
She did them to ſo great preferments raiſe,
She did procure them all theſe golden dayes:
Is't ſo? (thought I) then ſure She is become
A kinder miſtris, then ſhe was to ſome
Who ſerv'd her very faithfully of old,
To whom Shee gave no ſcarlet, gave no Gold,
But ſet them unto harder taſks then ſo,
All ſcorn, and all reproach to undergoe,
Into all tempeſts, and rough ſeas to rowe,
Unto all wants, and to all death's to bowe;
But ſince She uſeth theſe her Minions better,
Doth with ſilk cords them to her ſervice fetter,
If they deſerve theſe favours, ſurely then
Their lives will prove, they are the beſt of men:

But when I had discovered their way,
By curious search, I to my self did say,
Is this THE HOLY COURT, where I have been?
Are these RELIGIONS DARLINGS, I have seen?
All here, are Masters of the art of sin,
They scarce have more of men, but shape and skin:
They seem to be incarnat Furies all,
Or by what other name shall I them call?
Gain, Honour, Pleasure, I see them implore,
No other Gods I think they doe adore,
They look't not up to Heaven, but when they swore:
They often met, did often counsell take,
How they might all men their own subjects make,
And in their Consultations, did pretend,
That to advance RELIGION was their end:
RELIGION'S sacred name did cloak all things,
And they made it a stall to all designes:
I mark't them well, I found they were a Crew
Whose Eyes and Faces, were of yellow hue,
The love of Gold, (*That jaundise of the Soul*)
Had made their Visage odiously foul:
Vices I never heard of here I found,
Men who unto their pleasures let no bound,
With Flouds of Wine, they drowned all their cares,
And did with Musick over-noyse their fears:
Some the Buffoons here did play,
Some, poor Orphans did betray,
Some, projected by each Cheat,
How they might be rich or great,
They nothing did accounte unjust,
Might serve their humour or their lust,
Freely their Souls and Consciences they sold,
To ly on Beds of Silk, and heap up Gold,
Vice seem'd to be their only occupation,
No word they loath'd so much as REFORMATION.

The

The CARDINALL VERTUES, I could tell before;
But CARDINALL VICES, I found many more
Than I could number: Better be alone,
Then in this Court (said I) I will be gone.

MY GUIDE displeased was, to see, that I
So narrowly did into all things pry;
Some little Touch of Learning She did find
I had, and therefore to divert my mind,
Desir'd, that now I would HER SCHOOLS go view,
The Shops of Learning (said She) would me shew:
I lyk't the motion, and alledg't that She
No greater favour could procure to me.

This sight at first did give me great content,
I thought I was into myne Element:
Men of Prodigious Learning, I saw there,
Prodigious heaps of Books, lay every where;
I saw some writting Volumes (I confess)
Which I did judge, would over-load the Press;
Some scrap'd out lines, some rent out leaves of Books,
Which pleas'd them not, (as I thought by their looks)
What mean't that Havock I conceived not,
They said, THEY PURGED WHAT THE FATHERS WROTE,
Because in many things, they well did see
Their Books inclyn'd to favour Heresie:
Some took *Old Parchment* and did write on it,
In Antique letters, what they judged fit,
I asked what they wrote? It was, (they said)
Grave Old Traditions, new come in their head,
And by these *Suddled Parchments*, men would see
These were the Doctrines of Antiquitie,
For whatsoe'r the present *Church* doth hold,
Must be beleeved to be very old,
I did admire their Wit, but could not be
Well satisfied with their Honestie.

I left the SCHOOLS, and to MY GUIDE did say
That I inclin'd to go to CHURCH, and pray
It was a very Solemn *Holy-Day*;
And by my longing, thither was I led
To see the manner how they worsh ped.

The CHURCH *was sumptuous*, unto which I went,
No cost was spared for it's Ornament,
When I went in, about the walls around
Ca: ved and painted IMAGES I found
The Pictures of *All Saints* did here appear,
Yea even *The Trinitie* was painted here:
The People flocking came unto the place,
And to each *Image* they did bow their face,
Then every one, his Prayers did direct
Unto the *Saint*, he chiefly did respect:
Many did to *The* BLESSED VIRGIN croud,
Begg'd that *She* would their Souls protect, and shroud,
From all their foes, from all their feared harmes,
They kiss'd her feet, they hugg'd her in their armes,
They did bespeak Her in all flattering termes,
Said, that they did their whole trust in Her place,
Call'd Her *A* GODDESS, LADY *of all Grace*,
And when they thought Her by these whinings won,
They did beseech Her TO COMMAND HER SON:
In on thing, many much themselves o're-shot,
They call'd Her LADY, yet Her *Sex* forgot;
For when they kneel'd, they gravely did accost Her,
First with an AVE then a PATER NOSTER:
I strang'd, to hear, that all that praying throng,
Did scorn to pray but in *The Latin Tongue*,
I thought they all were Clerks, untill I found
They did poor *Priscian* very rudely wound,
Yea they did use such uncouth Barbarous terms,
That I suspect'd their prayers smell'd of Charmes,
Some Wives intending to rehearse their *Creed*,
Did enterlac't with handsome words indeed,

They

They wreſtled through it, with a deall of pain,
And ended it with *Beitt-im and Turnim again.*

Now comes the PRIEST and did himſelf addreſs
With many Rites to celebrate the Maſs,
I pryſed much the *Veſtments* which he had,
So rich they were, ſo well embroydered,
His *Myſtick Robes* did make a ſplendid ſhow,
And he did gravely to the ALTAR goe:
Sometimes He ſtood,
Sometimes He bow'd,
Now mumbled, then ſpoke aloud,
He croſſed once, He croſſed twice,
Then at a Bend He croſſed thrice:
Uncouth were the mouths he made,
Uncouth were the words he ſaid,
He often crienged, and he kiſs't,
And turning next, the people bleſs't;
He turn'd his face, he turn'd his back,
We underſtood not what He ſpake,
But ſaw him toſs'd to every Art,
Thus Antickly he act'd his part.
After He thus had been as one in throwes,
Had made ſtrange geſtures, and ſuch warbling ſhowes,
At length, FIVE WONDER-WORKING WORDS he ſaith,
Whoſe ſtrange effects, doe far exceed all Faith;
That which juſt now, was only BREAD before,
He does aſſert, that it is Bread no more;
But did enjoyn, that it we ſhould *Adore*;
Nothing but *Bread* did in his hand appear,
Nought (ſaid he) but it's *Accidents* are here.
It's Bread we handle, Bread we taſte, and ſee,
And yet we muſt believ't no Bread to be:
The people all upon the *Wafer* gaz'd,
They truſted all he ſaid, and were amaz'd,

They kneel'd unto it, as a Deity,
They have a ſturdie Faith, (as truth ſaid I).

I made no Queſtion next, but every Gueſt
Who was invited to this Holy Feaſt,
Should be admitted of the Drink to taſte:
But that' sa favour which was quite deny'd,
He took THE CUP, but would it not divide;
He did alledge, that liquor muſt not be
Beſtow'd upon the profane Laitie:
I asked what did aile the ſurly Prieſt
Thus to refuſe, what was allow'd by Chriſt;
Why ſhould he fear to give, ſince Jeſus did it?
They ſaid, *A* HOLY COUNCILL had forbid it,
Who Chriſt's appointment well did underſtand,
But what he bid, that it did counter-mand,
Behold the *Canon* is at hand,
Which with a NON OBSTANTE doth begin,
Read it, and then you'l ſee it is a Sin
For Laicks to deſire to drink that Cup
The Prieſt himſelf muſt drink it every ſip,
And that becauſe, *It's greatly to be fear'd,*
Some Drops may ſtick unto a Lay-mans Beard.

Maſs being done, the Prieſt with no mean grace
Himſelf in to *The Sacred Chair* did place,
And frankly to his preaching work did fall,
The Text he chuſed, was *Apoſtophall,* (*Tobi. 6. 7.*)
Anent the *Fiſhes Liver*, and it's *Heart*
Which to *Tobias* th' Angell did impart,
Whoſe dreadfull ſmell away the Devill did drive,
And ſo did keep the *Young Bridegroom* alive:
From this fair Text, he did diſcourſe at length,
Of theſe *Bad Spirits* cunning, and their Strength,
He Marſhall'd all the Devills in File and Ranks,
He told us *Aſmodeus* place, and pranks:

How

How againſt *Marriage* he was ſo intent,
Becauſe it is *An Holy Sacrament*:
Then had we ſuch a talk of *Holy Fiſh*,
As did awake mine appetite to wiſh
I had ſome of them ſerved in a diſh;
He told us, how fit chear they were for *Lent*,
How ſure a token of a penitent,
It was, with theſe his table for to cover,
And with large draughts of wine to ſwill them over:
I cannot well remember every part;
But much he ſpake of *The Conjuring Art*,
And much he praiſ'd the *Holy Exorciſts*,
Who handle Devills as roughly as they liſt.

To ſhut up all, he told, that he had now
A worthy RELIQUE to us all to ſhew,
Which he had purchaſ'd with no ſmall expenſe,
Which we muſt view, with profound reverence,
It was, *One of that Sacred Fiſhes* FINN'S,
Of force to fright all Devils, and purge all Sins,
Into a hole in *Tygris Banks*, he ſaid
Tobias when he caught the *Fiſh* it laid,
And now *An Holy Hermite* had it found,
By many wonders done about that ground:
At laſt he did that goodly thing preſent,
About whoſe Vertues, many words were ſpent;
My Spleen with laughter I had almoſt rent,
Yet ſeem'd, in wond'ring with the reſt to joyne,
For all he ſaid, paſt here for goodly Coyne.

When to that preaching we had liſtened,
A Child is brought him, to be *Chriſtened*:
Thrice did he blow into the Infants face,
As if his Breath could have conveyed Grace:
Some dreadfull *Charming words*, he then did ſay,
Meaning thereby to drive the Devill away;

As if the pain'd, and new delivered Mother
Had born a Child, and ugly Devill together:
With *Holy Oyle*, the Babe he did besmear,
And *Hallowed Garments*, put on him to wear;
Then *Holy Salt*, was put into his Mouth,
Sure (thought I) that will breed the Child a drouth:
A Holy Candle's then put in his hand,
The use whereof I did not understand;
And last of all, *The Priest* did think it fit
Gently *To stroke the Child with what he spit.*

When all was done, one did *The Priest* accost,
Saying, A man who now gives up the Ghost,
Doth for your presence earnestly intreat,
Now to assist him in his greatest strait;
He was not nice to go; and I
Resolved was to bear him company;
Not that I curious was to see
The poor man in his agonie,
But that I thought, I might instructed be
How I my self might learn betimes to die.

Being intent upon this good designe,
I very heedfull was to every thing:
The Dying man did earnestly request
The Father, to direct him, how he best
Might now arrive unto an happie rest:
The Priest sat down, and promis'd he should find
All ease, and satisfaction to his mind.

He first required, *That he should confess*
His Sins, and not conceall them more or less:
The house was usher'd, and when all were gone,
He, and the dying man were left alone;
But sneakingly I creep't beneath a bed,
That I might hear all that was done, or said:

Into

Into the *Prieſt*, the man much truſt repoſ'd,
And all the ſecrets of his Breaſt diſcloſ'd:

Oft (ſaid He) I have harbour'd flaming ires,
And often have I nowriſh'd luſtfull fires,
Sometimes have drunk, ſometimes to exceſs eated,
And often have I exceſſively prated,
Not ſeldom have I alſo raſhly ſworn,
And the moſt ſacred name profanely torn,
And many times when I have pray'd alone,
My lips have talked, when my heart was gone:
Officious lies made often he confeſs't,
As alſo lies, which he had made in jeaſt.

The Prieſt ſaid, theſe were faults indeed; *Yet all*
Or moſt of them, were only VENIALL;
Some Doctors have averr'd no leſs, (ſaid he)
Which doth ſuffice for PROBABILITIE:
And then what other guilt there was, did aske
The man did thus again begin his task:

The Churches Lawes full often have I broke,
Againſt the Pope full often have I ſpoke,
The Holy days I carelelly deſpiſ'd,
And Holy Reliques have not duely pryz'd,
Often (ſaid He) I grievouſly have fail'd,
Some faults from my Confeſſor hath conceal'd:
And then he made a very ſad complaint,
That he had ſometimes eaten Fleſh in Lent,
And had on Friday's done ſo often times;
The Prieſt ſaid, Theſe were horrid MORTALL *Crimes*
Such as deſerve Eternall puniſhment;
But now, *By Vertue of the Sacrament*
OF PENNANCE, This d ſerved ſuffering ſhall
Be changed unto one that's *Temporall*,
Lo. I ABSOLVE *Thee from the Guilt of all*;

This Abſolution thou ſhalt boldly ſhow,
And it ſhall be *Thy* PASS where thou dost go.

But that no danger may thy Soul betide,
Theſe *Images*, I lay down by thy ſide,
(Into theſe Guards thou ſafely may'ſt confide)
Here's One, of *Chriſt upon the Croſs*; Another,
The Image of the Bleſſed Virgin Mother,
The Third's, *The Saint's whom thou thy Patron choſe*,
In whoſe help ſpeciall truſt thou did repoſe:
Embrace thou them, To them thy ſelf commend,
They no ſmall comfort unto thee will lend.

Yet that thou may the more ſecured be,
It's fit, thou in *Religious Habite die*,
Put on this COU'L, put on this CLOAK,
Put on this HAIR-CLOATH, and this *Frock*
And gird this CORD about thy weaſt,
And ty this CROSS unto thy Breaſt;
This being done, take courage, and defy
All the black Guards of the Infernall fry,
They can not ſtand 'gainſt this Artillery:
When they do ſee thee paſſing by their border,
They'l think thou haſt been of *Saint Francis Order*,
They'l tremble all, and ſculk away,
As Thieves are uſ'd to doe at break of day.

Thou art a man of Wit (thought I) indeed,
Fair fall that heaven, that Politick head,
That hath contriv'd and taught ſo fine a wile,
By which men may the Devill himſelf beguile;
In truth it is a prettie handſom fraud,
And (if it work) I doe it much applaud;
But for my very heart I can not think
That *Coul's* and *Chords*, can make the Devill to ſhrink,

That

That Cloaths can hide vile ſouls and cover ſins,
As they can hide and cover fouled skins,
Or that ſuch dead and cold aſſiſtants, can
Comfort a dying and dejected man:
But well I found, the man who there did ly,
To be by far more credulous then I;
With this diſcourſe he ſeem'd to be much cheer'd,
No further danger unto him appear'd;
Untill *The Prieſt*, did give new cauſe of fear,
And did put on a countenance ſevere.

For now he tells the man a dreadfull ſtory,
That he muſt ſhortly land in PURGATORIE,
He ſo deſcriv'd that ghaſtly place, as might
The ſtouteſt of all mortall men affright:

There is fire, and there is ſmoake,
There noyſome heats, and vapours choake
There poor Souls are ſadly tayled,
Some, in ſeething Caldrons hayled,
Some, in frying pans are broyled
Some, on ſpits are roſt alive,
Some, the Fiends with Scourges drive,
Some, in ſtreams of Brimſton ly,
There they Shreek, and there they cry,
Thus they ſuffer, thus they dye,
They'r confin'd into that Cage,
Some, a year, and ſome an Age,
Some for many Ages ſpace
Stay into that diſmall p'ace;

And thou (ſaid he) muſt ſtill endure theſe pains,
Till thou be wholly purged from thy ſtains.

He then began the poor man to ANOINT,
Beſmeard his Head, and *Oyled* every joynt,
He *Oyl'd* his Ears, he *Oyl'd* his Eyes,
He *Oyl'd* his Hands, he *Oyl'd* his Thighs;

I thought, it would be far from my desire
First to be flam'd, and then set to the fire.

The dying man did sigh, and weeping, say
How sad's my lodging! and how dark's my way!
What wealth would I not be content to give?
If wealth could from that *Prison* me reprieve;
Or if I can not from't be wholly free,
Oh that my stay therein might shortened be:
To hear of Ages, and of thousand years,
Doth rack my mind, and fill my heart with fears,
Each hour I must stay there, an Age appears,
The Priest at this discourse prick't up his Ears,

And said, if frankly thou thy wealth bestow
Upon the Church, her Charity she'l show,
The stock is great which she hath in her Trust,
The treasure of the Merits of the just,
And for thy safety will thereof dispense,
That quickly thou may be dismissed thence.

Sacred Bells, shall oft be rung,
Many Masses shall be sung,
Holy Candles shall be lighted,
Whereby Fiends are all affrighted,
All the Saints shall be Ador'd,
Holy Martyrs all implor'd,
No endeavours shall be wanted,
Till thy free release be granted,
Prayers for thee shall not cease,
Till thy Soul be melt at ease.

Some Holy Monk shall tell at in the end,
He in a Vision saw't to Heaven ascend,
And knew it's shape, when it did upwards tend.

The poor mans heart with this discourse was glad,
He bid him, if he pleas'd take all he had

And

And ſuch a ſhare he took, that they did find
There was not much to them that came behind.

No ſooner came I out unto the ſtreet,
But that THE LADY did again me meet,
She aſk't, if now I fully was convinc't;
Or if my mind was yet with ſcruples pinch't:
I told Her, that I ſtill deſir'd to ſee
Some further proofs, of that great *Sanctitie*
Which ſhe at firſt diſcourſed of to me:
She did aſſure me, I ſhould fully have
That granted, which I now did fondly crave:
And firſt (ſaid She) to ſhew thee I'l begin
Men, who are *Doing Pennance* for their ſin.

I ſaw ſome, who did *Pilgrims* Habites take,
And to the *Shrynes of Saints* long journeys make.
Some with croſs'd armes did *Cloath'd with Sackloth* go,
Some with bare feet did walk among the ſnow:
Some *Laſh't* themſelves, untill their fleſh did bleed,
Some only *Strewed Aſhes* on their Head:
Some, did ſome *Ave's*, and ſome pray'rs rehearſe,
As careleſly as ever I did verſe;
They only ſeem'd concern'd to keep account
That they to ſuch a number might amount:
Some ſaid they *Faſted*, and no Fleſh did taſte,
And yet their meals lack'd nothing of a Feaſt:
The difference was great that I ſaw there.
Some Pennances were ſlight, and ſome ſevere.

Theſe cruell whippers of themſelves (ſaid I)
Their ſins muſt ſure be of a double dy;
Theſe other, who ſo lightly doe eſcape,
No ſinners are, or elſe ſin very cheap:
Thou much miſtakes (ſaid ſhe) and ſeems to be
Ill verſed in the Rules of Policie;

Men in their tempers differ much, and I
With all of them endeavour to comply:
These whom thou thus torment themselves do'st see,
Thou must not think most Criminall to be;
They either fear the Divine Wrath, and find
That these their outward tortures, ease their mind;
Or else unto great *Merit* they aspire,
And I will not deny them their desire;
I bid them lash, till they make bare their Bones,
And fast till they become like Skeletones.

Others more joviall sinners are then so,
And will not such hard measures undergoe,
Unto all thought of *Merit*, they are freezed,
Are not ambitious, to be *Canonized*:
They would 'scape Hell, but not disturb their ease,
And them I also carefull am to please:
They have as easie *Pennance* as they wish,
I charge them sometimes to eat only Fish,
For change of Heart, prescrive them change of Dish,
Some prayers they'r appointed to say over,
No matter if their Hearts be fix'd, or hover:
I shew them very easie wayes to bliss,
Yet wayes so safe, that hardly they can miss
Of Heaven at last: And notwithstanding doe
Put them in fear of *Purgatorie* too;
But yet the fear is not so great; but they
Themselves indulge into their pleasures may;
They who are rich, if they a *Pardon* pryse,
And for't a little money can despise,
This will be sure at last to serve their turn,
Into these flames, they stay not long to burn:
They who to *Sacred Chappells* can but trot,
Indulgences in store may there be got,
Who can the Pilgrimes happiness define,
Who visiteth but once LORETTO'S Shrine?

Angels

Angels did bring the famed Chappell there,
They bore the Stones and timber through the Air.

She next desired that I those should see,
Who to *Religious Orders* fixed be,
These (said She) are the Men of whom I boast,
These (in a manner) ride to Heaven by Post,
And to make good their journey, spare no cost:
These, did She shew me, numerous as Bees,
All marshall'd into diverse Companies:
Some, BENEDICTINS were, some CARMELITES,
Some call'd CARTHUSIANS, and some JESUITES,
Some from SAINT FRANCIS did their honour claim,
And some were styl'd by SAINT DOMINICKS name:
Their way much differ'd from the common road,
They had strange names, and habites which were odde,
These Men (said She) on Earth live Angels lives,
Possess no Riches, and enjoy no Wives.

Some of them, Preaching in the streets did walk,
Some, often of their Extasies did talk;
And some, their bread by *Begging* only got,
That idle sort of life, I liked not;
Such lustie fellowes as these are (I said)
Should rather by their labour earn their Bread,
When this I spake, She did a little loure,
Saying, they begged to relieve the poor,
Much (sayes She) get they; but doe little eat,
I know not, (said I) *But they'r like their meat.*

Some went about with *Reliques*, and did shew
What Miracles these hallowed things could doe,
And some of them, the people did acquaint
What Feats were wrought by every *Countrey-Saint*:
But above all, they did his praises sound,
Who did *Their Order* institute and found;

And all of them, profeſs'd themſelves to be
Devoted Slaves unto the *Romiſh ſee*
And thundred fearfull Dooms 'gainſt thoſe who Cope
With their *Un-erring Glorious Head the* POPE.

I to RELIGIOUS HOUSES did repair,
That I might ſee what SANCTITIE was there:
Thither I found ſome Princes had retir'd,
And what had brought them thither I admir'd;
Untill I found by enquirie, that ſome
Had for one cauſe, ſome for another come.

The conſciences of ſome were rack't with guilt,
Of Horrid crimes, and blood which they had ſpil't
On Beds of Silk, they could obtain no reſt,
An *Angry Conſcience* (that unwelcome Gueſt)
Came un-invited unto every feaſt,
Imbittered all things unto their taſte,
And marr'd the mirth of many goodly jeſt
Untill at length, they'r taught this prettie knack,
Themſelves unto ſome CLOISTER to betake.
They lay aſide the Purple, and the Crown,
They ſhave their Heads, put on the Hairy Gown,
They hide themſelves among *Religious Men*,
And *Conſcience* no more diſturbes them then;
Their Crimes (they think) are expiat hereby,
Blood, and oppreſſion will no longer cry,
Or if they cry, their cryes will not be heard;
Heaven's anger by a MONK needs not be fear'd.

Thus DIOCLESIAN, after he did ſtain
His Soul, with blood of thouſands, by him ſlain,
To the SALONIAN *Gardens* did retreat,
Leaving his palace, and imperiall State,
And ſought for eaſe into that lonely ſeat,

Eaſe

Eaſe which he could not in his triumphs find
Unto his frighted diſcontented mind.

Others were not ſo bad; but wearied were
Betwixt the various turnes of Hope and Fear;
Afrai'd to ſtand on tops of humane State,
Upon the ſlipperie pinacles of Fate,
They rather chooſ'd, to come down to the duſt,
Of free accord, then be by others thruſt.

Others unto theſe lowly CELLS did flee,
Not for RELIGION, but for LIBERTIE,
Finding that they could breath in freer air,
Under an humble rooff, with homely fare,
Then thoſe can doe, whoſe choiſe it is to wait
Upon a life of Buſineſs and State:
They by this poſtern did eſcape, and ſhroud
Themſelves from Warr, and from all noiſe and croud,
And all theſe inconveniencies, that doe
Attend on Great Ones, and confine them too.

Unto the meaner ſort I looked then
Of thoſe RELIGIOUS celebrated men,
Some of them, ſtill did hatch miſchievous things,
To imbroyle Kingdoms, and to murther Kings,
And for theſe ends, did with inſtructions load
The moſt Pragmatick and ſent them abroad:
Some were for learning, and chooſ'd that retreat
As moſt convenient for the muſes ſeat:
Some were Ambitious, and here courted Fame,
Fled from the world, to obtain a name;
Some Criminalls fled hither from the judge,
Fear of the Gibbet, made them take refuge
Into the CLOYSTER; Some their *Diſcontent*,
Rather then their *Religion* hither ſent:

And some their were, who did indeed bewray
That in their minds DEVOTION carried sway;
And yet when for it's genuine Sp'rit I sought,
Even among them, I missed it, I thought.

Each of them did their ORDER magnifie,
And were too fond of their *Austeritie*,
They wanted not their factions, and much heat,
Their talking of their MERITS was too great,
The lives of others they too much disgrac'd,
Too much in FASTS, too much in HABITES plac'd,
Externall works, did for great matters pass,
And what was Sp'rituall, to much foundred was,
Except with very few; so that although
Their mealls were sparing, and their Garments rough,
And pleasures they unto themselves deny'd,
Yet here I found much of the life of Pride.

MY GUIDE said next, that now she would me call
To see the most alluring sight of all,
The HOLY LADIES, who no pleasures know;
But such as *Contemplation* doth bestow,
All *unstain'd* VIRGINS, who go not abroad;
But wholly are devoted unto God,
And their whole time doe in Devotions pass,
Disdaining to be trick't with combe and glass.

I who still entertain'd sincere respects
For vertuous persons of that lovely sex,
Made haste and to the MONASTRIES did hy,
And in their fashions curiously did pry:

Some did I see, into that homely place,
Whose sweet behaviour did it's meanness grace,
Their gestures, and discourse, I found to be
All coyn'd, and stamp't with comely Modestie:

Beautie

Beautie they had, whereby love might be warm'd;
But 'gainst it's darts invincibly were arm'd;
Whenever any softer pleasures knock't
Loud at the door, they keep't it fast and lock't:
I thought them wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
Their habite homely, and their diet spare;
I judg'd they were so pious, and so grave,
They well deserved all the praise She gave:
Amongst them an *Old Governess* I see,
Commanding, with imperious tyrranie,
And they obey'd whatever She requir'd,
And they did yeeld, in all that She desir'd:
Only (poor Souls) I found they were oppress't,
Urg'd to Devotions formall at the best;
And taught, from true Humility to slide,
Taught, in their merits too much to confide:
Such things, I found did somewhat me displease;
But yet I HONOUR'D *Those*.

Others I found, of melancholly looks,
Were often musing, often reading books,
Their Words and Gestures, well assured me
That they had strech't their Brains a pin too high:
With HARPIUS works, some entertain'd their sight,
Some SUSO, some RUSBROCHIUS did delight,
Some MOTHER JULIANA'S works did read,
Odd Notions, and wilde fancies fill'd their head;
Some MYSTICK words (I found) they learned thence,
Words strange to Scripture, and as strange to sense,
They talked of their *Wondrous* INSPIRATIONS,
Of PASSIVE UNIONS, and ANNIHILATIONS,
Of INTROVERSIONS, and IRRADIATIONS,
Of CONTEMPLATIONS *Acted by the Will*,
The *Understanding* mean while lying still:

They in GODS MID-HEAD *were beclos'd* (they said)
And in his BUXOMNES, and MEEK-HEID laid,
And that their *Souls*, did deeply in him *Ground*,
And knew him in the SPIRITS PUREST FUND;
In many words they talked at this rate,
Words, which I cannot in this place relate,
Such stubborn words as frowardly decline
With neighbour-words in verses to combine;
So that it to a Poet were a crime,
Once to attempt to fetch them into Rhyme:
I Grew impatient, and began to huff,
To hear them rattling such non-sensick stuff;
Yet when I did into their temper pry,
Observing, that their minds they did apply
Unto Religious thoughts; and were no Cheats,
But too much warm'd with *Enthusiastick heats*,
And that their heads were weak, their musings long,
The Wine, was for the Bottles much too strong,
I blam'd their Leaders, who did them abuse,
And suffered them to be too much Recluse,
And in their hands such Canting books did put,
Mean-while the Bible keeping from them shut,
'Gainst these impostors was my Choler mov'd,
But yet the harmless maids I LOV'D

Others, were like poor Birds shut in a cage,
Still flightering, and still were in a rage,
Some at their cruell Parents, who to save
Their Portions, had sent them to that Grave;
Some at themselves, who had not been more shy
To take these VOWES which they could not unty;
For their Novitious fervour, now was gone,
They found, they were not fit to live alone;
And yet their OATHS, had all their hopes defeat,
Of ever living in a married state:

This

This did their minds continually racke,
If they shall keep what they have vow'd or break;
The thoughts of either, did them quite confound,
Both HORNES of this DILEMMA did them wound:
Their very frozen CELLS did nurse their fires,
Restraints, were fewell to their warmy desires;
Yet *Conscience*, did put them still in fear,
Should they but once attempt these chains to tear:
Thus were they burthen'd; yet once being fast,
I found they were resolved to be chaste;
Their Lot was cast: They choosed to endure
Their angrie thoughts, and not to seek a cure,
They judg'd, it was a more Religious life
To be a vexed maid, then perjur'd wife:
Their case (I thought) did much compassion claim,
And I did PITTIE *them.*

Others, I could not judge what they did see,
So very pleasing in a MONASTRIE,
To draw them thither; but their pranks did shew
They had no purpose to observe their *Vow*,
Or to die maids: it was their choise, or chance,
To be more verst in *Love*, then by Romance;
They did not on Religious scruples stand,
What they desir'd, they mean't to have in hand;
But I'le forbear, and will not imitate
The *Satyrists*, who whilst they smartly rate
Actions not to be nam'd, do never stay,
Untill their pens be as profane, as they
Who are the Actors: What they did was bad;
But the effects thereof, were much more sad;
What dismall sights were there? mine heart yet shakes
To think, what was into the drained Lakes:
What wretched HERODS cruelties, did act
Against the BABES, these did renew the fact;

No sooner did the mothers give them breath,
But as soon did their hands procure their death,
The BABES, who did no ill, and fear'd no harm,
No pitty found, no breasts to keep them warm:
I much bemoan'd the *Harmless Infants* fate,
But did *The* GUILTY MOTHERS HATE.

Now said MY GUIDE, say now what is thy thought?
What happy change upon thy mind is wrought?
When thou amongst the HOLY MONKS hast been,
And when thou hast the HOLY VIRGINS seen,
Hast thou not look't with wonder, and delight,
Upon that pleasing and that Heavenly sight?
I answer'd Her more freely then was fit,
Bewray'd more Ingenuitie then Wit.

RELIGIOUS HOUSES such as these, (*I* said)
I think, might usefull in the CHURCH be made,
There might more rough undanton'd youth be tam'd,
And tender minds be to Religion fram'd,
And as the *Prophets Schools* they well might be,
To train men for the Heavenly Ministrie:
And thither Aged persons might retreat,
When they'r arriv'd at their decrepit state,
Have done their work, and now must leave the stage,
When storm'd with sickness, and besieg'd with Age:
There, persons of a sad dejected mind,
Or sore afflicted, might a refuge find;
But that it should be free to every one,
Each guilty Wretch, or every idle Dron,
Each humorous Maid, or Child that's discontent,
Or such, whose lives might usefully be spent
To publick good; For such in *Cells* to ly,
Is that wherewith my mind can not comply:
I care not much for all their fleshly shewes,
I most of all Hate their ensnaring Vowes,

Of Christian freedom I doe judge a breach,
To bind some thus, to things beyond their reach,
Things, which at first doe with their minds agree,
But afterwards, doe make their lives to be
Nothing but constant toyle and drudgerie;
My mind was well affected long (said I)
Unto these things, till further I did pry,
But what I thus admir'd unknown, I more
Admire my self, for liking it before:
Nor can I think, but I have elsewhere seen
As much *Religion*, where less noise hath been:
Then freely I unto her did relate,
Whom I did HONOUR, PITY, LOVE, & HATE;
So that I said my thoughts were as before,
Nor could they change, unless I yet saw more.

In hearing this, SHE was impatient,
Yet did She smother all her discontent,
She only seemed to bewail my State,
That I so long should be so obstinate.

ONE HOLY PLACE, there is as yet *said She*,
And thither now I will thy *Leader* be,
When other means for thy Conversion fail,
I'm well assured that this shall prevail;
Such HOLY FATHERS are into that place,
Their very looks will charm thee into Grace,
They'l urge thee with such Arguments, as are
More efficacious, and more pungent far
Then any thou hast heard: I none can name
Who unconverted did return from them:
'Gainst HERETICKS they with such reasons fight,
Each word they speak, is found a word of weight:
See how I doe sollicite thee for good;
I must not, nay I will not be withstood.

I thought SHE mean't, and I did fear no ill,
But readily I did obey her will,
I said, I in the search of TRUTH doe goe,
It's conquest, can not be my overthrow;
I ever much esteemed SANCTITIE,
Which in *These* FATHERS I did hope to see,
To *Mighty Reasons* keep't an open ear,
Which from their sacred lips I hop'd to hear:
I little did suspect (poor simple man)
How cunningly *She* mean't me to trepan,
But by fair words, I was entised so
As harmless sheep unto the slaughter goe.

Unto an House we came with Guards beset,
Where at the time some of *These* FATHERS met,
I thought them Reverend Men, long was their beard,
Their limbs were large, and grave their looks appear'd;
MY GUIDE did whisper, what I was, they frown'd,
And stamp't, and girn'd and did me quite confound:
I leave this man among your hands (said She)
I need not tell how he should used be,
They bow'd to Her, and did without delay
Command the Guards to carry me away.

With weightie chains my hands and feet were ty'd,
In vain I moan'd, in vain for help I cry'd:
I only did desire to understand,
Who't was that thus to use me gave Command?
Who but *The* HOLY FATHERS, doth't be said one,
THE FATHERS OF THE INQUISITION.
Alace (said I) am I among their hands?
I never should have felt these heavy bands,
Had I but heard that name a while before,
But it's in vain to speak, I'le say no more.

They threw me in a dark and noysome pit,
Which, of the Sun did no dear glimpse admit,
No Stars, did here display their sparkling light,
Nothing was here, but an unquestion'd night:
Here, all night's horrours did me full annoy;
But the night's silence I could not enjoy,
By Shreeks, and houlings they disturb'd my peace,
Doubling the native terrour of the place,
They did me from all humane converse keep
And as *A Witch* I was debarr'd from Sleep.

Some dayes I thus remain'd, on morn at last
The prison Doors were opened in haste
I first did see *A Scene of juggling fires*,
Then some appear'd in *Devils shapes and attires*
To me they came, and clos by me did sit,
Only (I think) to fright me out of Wit:
Their Hair, as curling Serpents down did hang,
And from their mouth great flames of fire there sprang;
With *Hornes* they often threatned me to push,
Their *Cloven Feet* they lifted, me to crush,
They roar'd aloud, they gnash'd their teeth with spite;
And gap'd, as if they would devour me quite:
I should have thought, that I in HELL had been,
Had I not found against these ills a Skreen,
That's wanting there, A QUIET CONSCIENCE,
Which was a witness of mine Innocence.

These SPECTERS being vanished and gone,
I was again for some few hours alone;
Thereafter, Some came in, who seem'd to be
More friendly and Compassionate to me;
Said, they would interpose to set me free:
They did pretend, that they were griev'd and sad
That I had met with usages so bad:

Thou art (ſaid they) not far advanc'd in years,
No froward Symptome in thy face appears,
They bid me tell them, who my Parents were?
What was my Faith? who my Companions are?
What meanes I had? Or what Freinds in that place?
And if I would *The* ROMAN FAITH embrace?
They ceaſed not to urge me to confeſs,
We're Friends (ſaid they) hide nothing more or leſs.

Fair were their words, and cunning were their arts,
Well had they learn'd to act *The Traitors parts*;
But I, who did not ſee within their mask,
Hop'd well and told them all that they did ask;
Mean while, *A Clerk* behind the door they had,
Who did obſerve, and write all that I ſaid.

After a while, ſome *Officers* doe ſhow,
That now *The Judges* call me, I muſt goe;
I am led out, and brought unto the Barr,
And there inditements fram'd againſt me are:
They ſaid they were no time with me to loſe;
But bid me *Swear*, whatever they propoſe
Or ask of me, that faithfully I ſhall
Without Diſſimulation anſwer all:
Then, ſuch enſnaring queſtions they did ask,
To find an anſwer, was a vexing task;
Which to be rid of, I ſaid I would be
As plain, as any could deſire of me,
So that they ſhould not need, thus to go on
In making further *Inquiſition*,
They all applaud my Reſolution.

Were I of that RELIGION you are of
(ſaid I) It eaſie were for me to Scoff
At all your queſtions, being in this ſtrait,
Though I have *Sworn*, I might EQUIVOCATE;

But

But now, *I doe confeſs to you, that I*
After that manner you call HERESY
So worſhip God: Doe now what ye think fit,
Your power is great; but Heaven can limite it:

But all this freedom, did not ſatisfie,
My cruell Judges: Still they urged me,
Some ſaid, I did my complices conceal,
Others that I had wealth, and muſt reveal
Where it was hid; ſome ſaid I muſt recant,
And ſome alledg'd I did already faint,
A little feeling of the WHEEL or RACK
(They ſaid) would all my reſolution break,
All engines they of torture did preſent,
And threatned all moſt cruell punishment,
And promiſ'd favour, if I would repent.
Then was I back unto the Priſon ſent.

But as I went, It was my chance to meet
A throng of angrie people in the ſtreet,
Some runn, ſome rail'd, ſome cudgell'd all about,
So raging, ſo tumultuous was the rout:
My Guards, did what they could to part the fray,
And often cryed to them to *Make way*;
But they were deaf to cryes, and we o're long
Were compaſſ'd in the middle of the throng:
In this Confuſion, they had need to ſee
To ſave themſelves, who ſhould have look't to me,
I did obſerve the opportunitie,
And thus eſcaped from theſe TYGERS hands,
And found the meanes to be freed of my bands,
I fled, and car'd not whether I did run,
So that I might The INQUISITION ſhun.

Wearie'd at length with my uncertain flight,
Toyling all day, and watching in the night

I did unto a desert place repair,
Freedom my Feast, contentment was my fare:
Now I began to think where I had been,
And to reflect on all that I had seen:
Thus (thought I) have I now a long time rang'd,
Shall my *Profession*, shall my mind be chang'd?
What have I heard, should thus me influence?
Have I not heard much talk, and little sense?
And seen much shew, which void of substance is?
RELIGION'S SHELL but did it's KERNEL miss:
When I return, each man will curious be
To ask, what I did in my travells see?
It's fit, my mind a little compend draw
Thereof, to tell them what it was I saw.

I saw A PRELATE meddling in all things,
Enslaving Kingdomes, trampling on Kings,
He did all Lawes, Divine, and humane tear,
Rant of his power, and boasted of his CHAIR,
Blasphemed all that's sacred without fear:
I saw HIS COURT, and there I scarcely spy'd
Any, but Children both of lust and pride.

LEARN'D MEN *I saw*, who closly were combin'd
To shape and mould RELIGION to their mind,
They seam'd CHRIST'S COAT with gaudie Liveries,
They mix'd with wholesome Truths politick lies.
I saw RELIGION match't with POLICIE,
I saw A WORSHIP mostly PAGEANTRIE.
I saw some maim'd profaned SACRAMENTS
I saw some wilde and wanton PENITENTS
They said their AVE'S, and their Prayers told,
Their pardons bought, and then to sin were bold:

I saw a crowd of FRIARS of many hues,
Craftie as *Foxes*, covetous as JEWES,

With

With *Shaved Heads*, and *Cutted locks*,
With *Petticots*, and *Hoods* and *Frocks*
With faces hard'ned more then any Rocks,
They preach'd the vertues of the painted Stocks:
They fed, and yet alledged they did fast,
Defiled Women, and swore they were chaste,
They raised in the world much commotion,
And swore they spent their time in great Devotion,
They heap'd up riches, and swore they were poor,
They blushed not to lie, and to perjure.

I saw some OVER-WEENING NUNS, who thought
By living Virgins, they Heaven over-bought:
And *Some* FANTASTICK ONES, who did omit
Nothing, to shew that they had lost their Wit:
I saw some Craftie, and RELIGIOUS WHORES
Lock't up in Sacred, (but profaned) Bowers,
Attending clink of Bell, and praying hours;
Yet setting friendly tryst with paramours.

At last, I did begin to think upon
The FURIES of the INQUISITION;
But a strange Horrour on my mind did seise,
I from my seat a little did me raise,
And look't about: Alace what doe I see?
Here comes THE LADY, who betrayed me;
And have I found thee here again? (said She)

FEAR, RAGE, HATE, ANGER, all did now awake,
And in my breast did strange confusion make,
My mind, now with unusuall thoughts was fill'd,
Unusuall language from my lips distill'd;
O HERCULES (said I) who early kill'd
The hissing Serpents, which thy life assail'd,
Why hast thou not to me thy strength entail'd?

That I might at this instant it imploy
This folding, crooked serpent to destroy,
This forked tongue I would cut out,
Which doth all deadly poyson spout,
And thereby doth these simple souls annoy
Who doe not know Religion from a Toy.

She heard me, and She did begin to smyle,
And thus She answer'd in a jeering style,
I see thou art a convert now become,
Or hast of thine opinions changed some:
When we met last, thou ceas'd not me to taunt,
Because I bid thee *pray unto a* SAINT;
But now a Heathen champion thou adores,
Thou beg's his Strength, and for his aid implores.

I blush'd a little, when I heard that tale,
Thinking, perhaps my passion made me fail;
Recovering my self, I said, in vain
Thoul't think by jeers, to cheat me now again:
I lift no Hat, and I doe bow no knee,
No string of such Devotion touches me:
But could I for the strength and puissance call
Of all the *Gyants*, and the *Hero's* all,
That I might strike, thou with the stroke might fall,
And so might free the world from thy thrall;
Not all thy quick and nimble-footed wit,
And smooth-pac'd Eloquence joyn'd with it,
Not all thy cheating FRIARS attyres,
Not all thy talk of *Ancient Syres*
Not all thy INQUISITION *Fires*
Should break me of from this designe,
Thy pride I'd crush, and I would end thy reigne.

Alace (vain man) what means this heat? said She,

What

What have I done that thus incenseth thee?
What done? (said I) thou hast betrayed me:
To HOLY FATHERS, thou't me bring thou said,
And thou to HELLISH FURIES did me lead,
Thou said, by reasons they my mind would turn,
And they did mean to ashes me to burn:
She said all this was but my foolish thought,
And that they nought but my conversion sought.

What then (said I) did mean that noysome PIT?
Why did they throw me down to it?
Why sent they DEVILS to fright me from my wit?
What mean't the RACK and WHEEL I there did see?
What mean't THE FIRE was kindling for me?

That *Pit* (said She) they onely put thee in,
That there thou might *Doe pennance* for thy sin,
These *Ghastly Sights* were sent, for frighting thee
Not from thy Wit, but from thine HERESIE,
They meant to put thee on the *Wheel* and *Rack*,
Thy stubborn mind; but not thy Bones to break;
And *Flames* thou saw provided there that day,
Were only to consume thy *Dross* away.
Fair Tales (said I) but sure it's good for me,
That from their hands I am escaped free.

O Fool (said She) thinks thou to keep the field?
Behold, *What* KINGS, *What* NATIONS to me yeeld?
And now I have a great designe in hand,
Even to subject *The* NOBLE BRITTISH LAND,
Where once my power did uncontrolled sway,
Till from it's just obedience it did stray,
Can I endure to miss so brave a prey?
A while I have been hatching secret PLOTS,
But fy upon that cursed DOCTOR OATS,

And PRANSE, and BEDLO, DANGERFIELD, and such
Apostate Rogues, who have reveal'd so much:
These *Cheating Villains*, little were acquainted
With what I meant, they feigned, where they wanted;
They'r now confounded, I have found the way
To make men laugh at all that they doe say;
These PLOTS they talk't of, now are turn'd to PLAY:
Fy on them all that have me counter-wrought,
And have mine *Agents* unto Scaffolds brought.

But I am working still, and well I know
To catch my foes, whatever way they goe;
For if these mines of secret treason fail,
With open force I will ere long assail,
Whom I can not corrupt, I shall destroy,
Where *Plots* doe miss, the sword I will imploy.

Vain are the trusts, wherein they doe confide,
These HERETICKS, themselves in NUMBERS pride,
In PARLIAMENTS, in TESTS, in PENAL LAWES,
In *Learned* CHURCH-MEN to defend their cause,
But all these things shall prove but broken reeds,
The times shall change, and they must change their Creeds
Their NUMBERS, I by ARMIES will o'rawe,
I'l raise a power, that shall DISPENSE with LAW.
Their *Parliaments I'l pack*, their hands I'l bind,
Their *Tests* and *Statutes*, I'l cause them rescind:
Of mine own CLERGIE, I'l hiss for a Fry,
That shall out-dispute, or shall theirs out-cry;
These GOWN-MEN now look big, preach, write, & brag,
I'l quell their courage, or their mouths I'l gag.
No money will I spare, no pains, no cost,
And tho I will not of the issue boast
Too much afore hand, yet I'm confident;
At length I shall not miss of mine intent.

He

I'le them confound, Divide, I'le burn, I'le slay,
I'le overturn, I'le doe more then I say,
I may perhaps in one contrivance fail,
But in another, hope I shall prevail:
That ISLAND either shall take on my yoke;
Or else it shall in peices quite be broke,
Better it should an empty desert be,
Then that it be not subject unto me:
I will, *I will* Rule in that stubborn ISLE,
It's QUEEN it shall once more ere long me stile.

In speaking this, Her countenance was fierce,
Her words, as darts my very heart did pierce;
O HEAVENS (said I) *This Furie disappoint,*
My knees did shake, I trembled every joynt,
The mighty terrour, and the panick fear
That did o'r-flow my mind, I could not bear;
So often did I startle, weep so sore,
MINE EYES BURST OPEN, I COULD SLEEP NO MORE.

FINIS.